

THE
K O R A N:
O R,
THE LIFE, CHARACTER,
AND SENTIMENTS,
O F
TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO,
M. N. A.
OR MASTER OF NO ARTS.

V O L. I.

Vous y verrez du serieux,
Entre-melé de badinage;
Des traits un peu facétieux,
Dont la morale, au moins, est sage.

Le philosophe de Sans-souci.

The Koran. Vol. I.

A. Sterne

Koran

1

33 B.S. div.

BIBLIOTHECA

REGIA

MONACENSIS

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

EARL OF CHARLEMONT.

MY LORD,

I HAVE not the honour of being known to your Lordship.—My sole reason, then, for presenting these volumes to you, arises from the respect and esteem I have often heard the author of them profess towards your Lordship's person and character.

Upon reading the following pages to me one day, he stopped at the end of a particular chapter, and expressed himself thus: "*Swift* said, That if there were but a dozen

Arbuthnots in the world, he would burn his *Gulliver*. In like manner," added he, "I declare, that if there were only as many *Charlemonts* in these kingdoms, I would also commit my * *Primmer* to the flames."

So honourable a testimony as this, sufficiently justifies the preference with which I subscribe myself, on this occasion, your Lordship's

Most humble

and obedient servant,

THE EDITOR.

* This article will unfold itself in due time.

THE
EDITOR
TO THE
READER.

I HERE present the public with the remains of an author, who has long entertained and amused them, and who has been the subject both of applause and censure—himself equally regardless of both.—He was a second Democritus, who sported his opinions freely, just as his philosophy, or his fancy, led the way: and as he instilled no profligate principle, nor solicited any loose desire, the worst that could possibly be said, of the very worst part of his writings, might be only, that they were as indecent, but as innocent at the

same time, as the sprawling of an infant on the floor.

And I shall give you here his own sentiments about this matter, which I have taken, *ex ore suo*, from one of the following pages.—

“And I, who am myself a perfect philosopher of the French school, whose motto is *Ride, si sapias*, do affirm, that writings which divert or exhilarate the mind, though ever so arch or free, provided they appear to have no other scope, ought not to be reprehended with too *methodistical* a severity—while those, indeed, cannot be too loudly anathematized, which aim directly, or even with the most remote obliquity, against any one principle of honour, morals, or religion*.”

These notes were designed by the author, to frame a larger work from than the present, to be published after he should

* See this Volume chap. XI.

find himself—or the public—tired of the sportive incoherence of his former volumes:—but his untimely and unexpected death prevented him from digesting and completing this scheme.

These sheets had been put into my hands some time before this unhappy event, to correct or cancel, as I should think proper, and he left them with me, on his deathbed, to dispose of after what manner I might choose—either to be kept among my miscellaneous papers, for my own amusement, or published to the world, or thrown into the fire.—His expression to me, upon that affecting occasion, was equally elegant and flattering—

Et dixit moriens—*Te nunc habet ista secundum.*

I imagined, that any tract of this author, especially into which he transfuses so much of his very soul, might afford some entertainment to the public; and I have, therefore, committed these incorrect pieces,

and unfinished sketches, to the press, without attempting to make any manner of addition or alteration in them, except the leaving out of some passages, that were either *unintelligible*—or *too plain*.

And if there should yet appear to have remained some other particulars, which the scrupulous reader may think to have needed the farther use of the *style*, I am very certain that he will meet with sufficient matter, in the rest of the work, to make the author's apology, and to serve also as a justification of

THE EDITOR.

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PRIVATE LETTER

FROM

THE AUTHOR to THE EDITOR,

TO ONE IN A MILLION.

My very good Friend,

I AM just returned from hunting o'er the hills and far away; and as my manner has ever been, whether riding, walking, skating, swimming, or boating — and I dare venture to hold a wager that it would be the same if I was flying — to revolve those subjects in my mind, which I purpose, at any time of my life, to discuss in writing, your request to me lately has occupied my whole thoughts all this morn-

ing. *Experieris non Dianam magis in montibus, quam Minervam inerrare*, as Pliny says.

In such a memoiring and *memorable* age as this, why not write my own memoirs? *vexatus toties*. I have gone through a multitude of novels within these few years past, and have attended, with most exemplary patience and perseverance, chapter after chapter, in hope that the next anecdote might possibly make me some amends for the dullness of the former. In vain! Modern novelists seem to be deficient, even in invention. We forgive them their total want of language, style, moral, character or sentiment.

My series of life has happily saved me the entire labour of conception. For the mere literal narrative of my adventures, from the moment I was uncased from my first *envelope*, till the instant I shall escape from this second *caul*—for the context and complexion of my past life will probably

form the west and hue of my future——
 would amuse and interest my readers,
 though recited in the simplicity of my nurse,
 the stupidity of my pedagogues, or the
 tediousness of modern memoirists; who
 may be said, according to Aristotle's figure,
 styled *Paronomasia*, to write more *pour*
Faim, than *Fame*. For I take necessity to
 be a muse that's fairly worth *the Nine*,
 and literary Fame to be lineally derived
 from *Fames*.

Largitor ingenii venter.

Pray don't be alarmed at the word *Ko-*
ran, which I have chosen to make the
 title of these papers. I am not turned Mus-
 sulman; but I hate *appropriated names*, be-
 cause they restrain the language too much,
 and are apt to lead to *superstition*. And
 I see no reason why my visions and va-
 garies have not as good a right to be called
Al Koran, or *The Koran*, as the inven-

tions and impositions of Mahomet; which were styled so, merely as being *a collection of chapters*—for so the word in Arabic signifies.

But to proceed—

THE KORAN.

CHAP. I.

THE CHANCE-MEDLEY.

AS I am, at length and long-run, safely delivered into the world, and fairly entered into life, I think it high time now to give you some account of myself—so often promised, and so long delayed—which I shall do, in as few words as the nature of the subject, and the writer of it, will permit. *Hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti saepius audis.*

I was *really* born—no doubt on't: for if I had not, I should never have pretended to say so—But first let me account for myself, in the character I at present stand before you, as an author—which I never intended—nor indeed was ever intended—to be. I happened to become one by mere chance.

Chance has ever been my *fate*. My father never designed me any manner of education. He was a *brave soldier*, and despised it. What a power of courage he must have had! So I learned to read and write, by *chance*. I *miched* once to school, and picked up a little literature, by *chance*. I never meant to marry, and yet it was my *luck* to get a wife. I never had any patron, but was provided for by *fortune*.

Chance, Luck, and Fortune, then, have been my *Clotho*, *Atropos*, and *Lachesis*—and so I have assumed the cognomen of *Tria juncta in uno*——which is another chance also; as I never once thought of such a derivation, before this very instant.

But how an author by chance, prithee?—I'll tell you, if you'll have but a little patience.

CH A P. II.

THE CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

THIS method of dividing a subject into chapters, is an admirable expedient for your pennyworth wits, and your two-

penny readers. It serves as resting pauses to both.

Divisum sic breve fiet opus.

The Bible itself might, perhaps, to some, appear tedious, if it was not for the comfortable relief of chapters.

Besides, the intervals, or *white lines*, as the printers style them, help to swell the volume like a bladder; or may be compared to an article of *potted saw-dust* in a *bill of fare*, which helps to cover a table, though it adds nothing to the feast.

Here now I expect that my old acquaintance *the UN-critical Reviewers* will be apt to remark upon this passage, that these spaces are the most valuable parts of my books, as a *blank* is better than a *blot* at any time, with other insipidities of the same sort.

But let them prate; for I have long since brought myself to be very well able to bear with them, by becoming regardless equally of their applause or censure. True critics, like hawks, hunt for pleasure; but the Reviewers, like vultures, only for prey.

And, for this reason, I don't think that one should be too severe against the poor devils neither. They ought rather to become the object of our pity than resentment, who, like *hangmen*, are obliged to *execute* for bread. And it should therefore be a considerable advantage to a work, to have received their censure—for an author may set what price he pleases on a book that has been condemned to be burnt by the hands of the *common hangman*.

CHAP. III.

THE UNCLE.

I THINK I promised in my first chapter, to give you my *authority* in literature. Thus it was—

I happened to have an uncle once, who was a minister of the gospel, but his only study was politics. He had a laudable ambition to rise in life. Religion is undoubtedly a necessary qualification for that purpose in the next world—but is not sufficient to help us forward in this.

He took care, therefore, just to get the

thirty-nine articles by heart, to enable him to stand an examination of faith on the day of judgment—not attending to the good old saying, *Live and learn, die and forget all*: but his maxims were, *not to go, while you stay—to live whilst you live; for at the hour of death, sufficient to that day will be the evil thereof.*

In prosecution then of his scheme of life, he wrote and published several party papers, during the *reign* of Sir Robert Walpole, in favour of his ministry—but Mammon left him in the lurch. They produced no effect toward his advancement.—They were poorly written.—Parsons generally write ill, even upon their own subjects.

He might better have employed himself, in saying his prayers—for, in this service, whatever is well meant, is well received, though ever so ill performed: but, in the other case, whatever is well *executed* only, is well accepted of, however *ill intended*.—This mortified our divine.

Just at this crisis I happened to return into the country, after having quitted college, and brought home some little cha-

racter from the university for parts and learning.

But I am hurrying the reader on too fast. My flock is small, and needs oeconomy. So I think that I have now wrote enough for this chapter—and, in the style of a sermon, I shall leave you to consider of what has been said, and defer the remainder to another opportunity.

CHAP. IV.

ON MURDER.

FOR my own part, I have not the least notion how any man—or woman either—can bring themselves to commit murder—except, indeed, it happened to be on the body of a brother, a friend, a mistress, or some other such fond and dear connexion as these.

Human nature revolts at the very idea: insomuch, that I know not what *temptations* can induce any person to be guilty of such a crime—for *temptation* comes from *nature*, whose strongest propensity is the very *reverse* of it. This vice then must

certainly arise from *provocation* only—because provocation proceeds from the devil.

Thus, reader, you may perceive—that is, supposing you to have been attentive to what I am saying all this while, that I have here made a nice distinction of it, between the *flesh and the devil*——Pray now, please you to observe the consequence.

The *provocation* then must be of the highest kind. This cannot arise from any indifferent person. They can never *provoke* us sufficiently—A man—or woman either—deserves to be hanged for killing such as these. No—A brother, a friend, a child, a wife, or a mistress, must therefore become the proper objects of our most deadly resentment. Ergo—

The application of this argument in some other chapter.

CHAP. V.

THE MINISTERIAL WRITER.

MY uncle then employed me to write a pamphlet, in defence of the ministry—

not of the gospel. I obeyed his commands, and put the manuscript into his hands; which he carried forthwith in his own name to Sir Robert.

He approved of it; 'twas sent to the press, and procured the parson preferment—but prevented his own—for it kept the knight *out of the House of Lords* for the remainder of that septennial.

The method I used in that pamphlet was this—I collected together every thing that had been ever objected against the minister, from his first entering into office till that time, and ipse dixit every article of it *point blanc*, in the negative—from my own certain knowledge and other sufficient authority—Affirmed myself to be *no courtier*, nor even acquainted with one; but to be a *mere country gentleman*, of an independent fortune, who had never before troubled his head about *party disputes*, vulgarly styled *politics*—but, shocked at the *licentiousness of the times*, had entered a volunteer in the service of my king, my country, and the support of ministerial virtue and integrity.

I affirmed, that the high price of pro-

visions, so loudly complained of, arose from the riches and affluence flowing daily into the kingdom, under the auspices of our minister—and that the accumulation of taxes, like the rising of rents, was the surest token of a nation's thriving—that the dearness of markets, with these new imposts of government, necessarily doubled industry—and that an increase of this *natural kind of manufacture*, was adding to the capital stock of the Commonwealth.

I lamented the fatal effects to be apprehended from all these heats, animosities, and revilings, which, I said, *I had good reason* to affirm, were but a method of acting and instilling treason under cover—for that, whenever *the minister was abused, the king was attacked*.

So, profligate parsons, whenever they fall into detestation or contempt, inveigh against the impiety of the times, and charge the scandal and reproach they have themselves induced upon their function, to the atheism of the laity.

This book of mine has been the *codex*, or *ars politica*, of all the ministerial sycophants ever since that aera—for I have

scarcely met with a paragraph in any of the state-hireling writers, for many years past, that I could not trace fairly back to my own *code*.

CHAP. VI.

ORIGIN OF UNCLE TOBY.

THE income of my uncle's new benefice was considerable; and I thought that I had some claim to part of the emoluments of it. I was amused with hope for several years; during which time he contrived to get some other useful jobs out of me—But my good uncle was a courtier, as I told you before—He promised, and performed, like one.

This disappointment, this ingratitude, provoked my resentment to the highest degree—Here read the penultima chapter over again, and I'll wait for you.

— — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — —

However, this incident happened afterwards to turn out a good deal to my own advantage.—If I can help others to live by my wits, said I to myself, one day that I happened to be in a reasoning mood, what a fool must I be, not to endeavour to manufacture them a little toward my own profit?

I had been just then priested—I wrote a sermon, preached and published it—But I hate to tell a story twice, as much as others do to hear one.

I then formed the design of writing my own memoirs—Why not? Every French ensign does the same. If we are not of sufficient consequence to the world, we certainly are so to ourselves. We feel our own self-importance—and how natural is it to express one's feelings!

In order to embellish this work, I drew a sketch of my uncle's character.—It was bitter enough, to say the truth of it—for truth it was—But happening to shew this *trait* to some of my friends, they reprehended me for it.—Parsons, said they, God knows, have enemies enough already—they need not slander one another.

CHAP. VII.

LE FEVRE.

AND now it is full time to commence a new one—But I am again precipitating matters and things too hastily.—I was always giddy.—The reader must have time allowed him for digestion—let us take up my story a little higher.

My father was an Englishman, and had a command in the army. He was stationed in Ireland at the time of my birth, which happened—I forget what year—in the city of Clonmel.—I remained in that kingdom till I was about twelve years old—and there I received the first rudiments of literature, from the kindness and humanity of a lieutenant, who was in the same corps with my father—his name was Le Fevre.

But, indeed, I owe infinitely more to him than my Latin grammar. It was he that taught me *the Grammar of Virtue*—It was this most excellent person who first instilled into my mind the principles—not of *a Parson*—but of *a Divine*—It was he who imbued my soul with humanity, benevo-

lence, and charity—It was he who inspired me with that *vibration* for the distresses of mankind,

“Which, like the needle true,

“Turns at the touch of others wo,

“And, turning, trembles too.”*

—It was he who instructed me, that temperance is the best source of charity.—’Tis in this sense only, that it should ever be said *to begin at home*—Readers, throw your gout, your cholics, your scurvies, to the poor.

—It was he who furnished me with this admirable hint to charity—that *the more a person wants, the less will do him good.*

—It was he who softened my nature to that tender sensibility, and fond sympathy, which have created the principal pains and pleasures of my life; and which will, I trust in God, insure the latter, in the next, without its alloy—Amen!

This good man has been long dead; and, in grateful honour of his memory, I have mentioned his name in another place

* Mrs. Greville’s Ode.

—'Twas all I could!—I would have *plucked a nettle from his grave*, had I seen one ever grow there—For surely there was nothing, either in the humours of his body, or the temperament of his mind, that such a *noli me tangere* weed could be nourished by, or emblematic of.—

CHAP. VIII.

A DIGRESSION ON WIT.

WHAT is Wit?—'Tis not a manufacture—it is not to be wrought out of the mind, by dint of study and labour, as sense, reason, and science are—Ideas, with the very words fitted to them, *ready cut and dry*, come bounce all complete together into the brain, without the least manner of reflection.

Even I have sometimes said things without design, unconscious of any kind of wit in them myself, till the sound of the words has alarmed my own ears, or made others to prick up theirs. If wit had been hanging matter—and so it might, for any great harm it would do—I should then have in-

curring the penalty of a sort of *chance-medley* treason. It would have required time and thought to have expressed myself worse — or according to law — upon such occasions.

What is the reason, that between two persons, of equal sense and learning, an imagery shall generally strike the one, and never the other?—That upon viewing a green field, stocked with new shorn sheep, one man shall see nothing there but grass and mutton, and that another shall resemble it to a *tansey* stuck with almonds?

That one person shall *plainly* say, of a fine day in winter, that the sun shines, but does not warm—while another shall, at the same instant, compare it to a *jewel*, at once both bright and cold? etc.

Thus, you see, that wit is only a *double entendre*.

—What pity 'tis, ladies, that *double entendres* are not always wit also?—

Nay, the prudish Cowley has, unluckily for us, made them one of the negative definitions of it:

“Much less can that have any place,
“At which a virgin hides her face—

“Such dross the fire must purge away.

’Tis just

“The writer blush, whene’er the reader
must.”

CHAP. IX.

WHETHER I MYSELF HAVE WIT.

THIS point has been questioned by some—One *Biographer Triglyph*, calls me an *anomalous, heteroclite* writer—words, by the by, that signify the same thing;—says, that *I have more sauce than pig*, * etc.—They allow me oddness, originality, and humour—but deny me *wit*.

If by this expression they mean epigrammatic point, perhaps I may have but little of it.—But, let wit be *sauce*, according to good Master Triglyph—Must sauces always be poignant?—Is not that esteemed the best cookery, where the ingredients are so equally blended, that no one particular flavour predominates upon the pa-

* The Triumvirate, the preface.

late?—Decayed appetites only require the sharper seasonings.

They grant me humour, originality, and description.—What then is wit, if these articles do not comprehend it?—And if it is any thing else, how little necessary must it be, where these already are?

The ancients styled wit *ingenium*—capacity, invention, powers.—Martial was the first person who reduced it to *a point*—and too many of the writings, since that æra, of the *faux brilliants*, have been so very *eager*, that they have almost *set one's teeth on edge*.

So far I am easy on this score, whether they allow me wit, or no.

CHAP. X.

OF WIT, IN MORALS.

I FORMERLY used to prefer Pliny's Epistles, and Seneca's Morals, before Cicero's writings of both kinds—because of the points of wit, and quaint turns, in the former.—I remember, when I thought Horace and Catullus flat and insipid—but it was when I admired Martial and Cowley.

Plain meats, simply dressed, are certainly more wholesome food, than higher cooked repasts.—But one who has indulged, or rather depraved, his appetite, with the latter viands, cannot, without difficulty, recover his natural relish for the former.—We are just in the same circumstances in literature.

The sport of fancy, and a play of words, may have, perhaps, this effect, to fix the sentiment more strongly in the mind—but I seldom found that they carried their uses farther—

Play round the head, but enter not the heart.

Strong phrases, and opposition of terms, may store the *common place* of memory with apt sentiments, which may help a person to shine in writing, or conversation; but this wants the true *splendour* of learning, the *temperato usu*: while sound sense and reason, more plainly expressed, operates upon us in the nature of an *alterative medicine*—slow, but sure.

And though, by degrees, we bound *with vigour not our own*; yet, not being able

directly to impute our strength to any foreign assistance, we are apt to cherish that sense and virtue, which we by this means acquire, as we do *the heirs of our own loins*—while those acquisitions we make, by the help of *remembered wit* only, are received into the heart as coldly as an *adoption*.

I find myself moralizing here, somewhat in the very style I have been reprehending—but I have not strained my pen—for, when we condemn a fault—to carry on the vein—we should endeavour *to make an example of it*.—And it may be applied to me, what was said of Jeremy, in *Love for Love*, “that he was declaiming against wit with all the wit he could muster.”

But witty I am henceforth *resolved* to be for the rest of my life.—Lord, Sir, resolution is a powerful thing; it has rendered many a coward brave, and a few women chaste.—Let us try now, whether this same miraculous faculty cannot make one parson witty—for a wonder.

CHAP. XI.

TRIGLYPH AND TRISTRAM
COMPARED.

BUT the author of the *Triumvirate* is still more severe on me, on account of some free passages in my works— — Call them not my *works*, but my *sports* only — — and please to let Master Triglyph know, that I was not writing treatises on morals, or lectures on religion, at that time—I wrote entirely for *the benefit of my own health*, and that of my readers also.

Bacon, in his *historia vitæ et mortis*, recommends cheerful and light writings to be read, *for life and death*—and I will actually get them inserted among the *materia medica*, in the next edition of the London Dispensatory.—Why should we find fault with the archness of any passage, that contributes towards so salutary a purpose? what freedoms are not surgeons obliged often to use, particularly in obsterics—for the health or safety of the chastest maid or matron?

Some other philosopher recommends *hæc nugæ* too for the relief of the mind.

— — *Lusus animo debent aliquando dari,
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi.*

And I, who am myself a perfect philosopher of the French School, whose motto is, *Ride, si sapias*, do affirm, that writings which divert or exhilarate the mind, though ever so arch or free, provided they appear to have no other scope, ought not to be reprehended with too *methodistical* a severity—while those indeed cannot be too loudly anathematized, which aim directly, or even with the most remote obliquity, against any one principle of honour, morals, or religion.

But prithee, ladies, is not Triglyph full as arch and free as Trifram?—I shall not take the pains to collate the several passages together—nor, like friend Kidgel, *reveal*, while I *expose*—But is not his LXXXVIIIth chapter *un chef d'oeuvre* in this way?

He therein mentions the accidental view of a fine woman stark-naked—indeed he neither describes her person, her limbs,

her complexion, nor makes use of any one loose idea, or indecent expression— — Better he had— —for then the offence would have ended there—But how is the reader's imagination inflamed, and his passions emoved, by sympathy, with those effects which the spectator tells you this object had upon his own senses and sensations?

To be able thus to raise a smile, without a *blush*, and to provoke *desire* without offending *decency*, is an art, good Master Triglyph, that is capable of *uncalendering* a saint.

Sedley has that prevailing, gentle art, etc.

But I do not deny the man his merits, as he has also the candour not to refuse me mine—for though we are both great rivals, it is in a sentiment that ought to make us the greater friends—We seem equally to wish, and most fervently pray, for “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men.”

Amen!

But to proceed— —

CHAP. XII.

THE ABIGAIL.

WHEN I was about twelve years old, as I told you before, my father and mother returned into England, and brought me over with them: I was then placed at a regular school—at my own most earnest instance, threatening, if refused, to enlist myself among the strolling gypsies, to purchase *any knowledge, at any rate*—From whence I was, in due time, transferred to the university.

I need not trouble you here with a particular account of my education—the benefits of it are sufficiently apparent in my writings — — *Let your works, not your words, prove you*, says somebody — — if not, I say so myself. So that my life is all that the reader has any right to call upon me for here.

In that large field, then, I was first entered by my mother's maid—This was no *slip* of mine—the *back-sliding* was all her own — — Alas! what wit had I?—And for this *faux pas* it is needless to make any

manner of apology—Men must be initiated in the mysteries of iniquity, in order the more safely to pursue the paths of virtue—

And if you will not take my word for it, because I am a Christian, listen to what Terence, who was a notorious Heathen, says upon this subject:

Id vero est, quod ego mihi puto palmarium,

Me reperisse quomodo adolescentulus Meretricum ingenia, et mores, posset noscere,

Maturè ut cum cognôrit, perpetuo oderit.

E U N.

I happened to marry some time after, and communicated my experience to my wife—*she nothing loath, etc.*

It would, I think, be highly improper in me to add one sentence more to such a chapter as this.

CHAP. XIII.

ON LITERAL MODESTY.

AS the world seems not to be charitably enough inclined to give me credit for the merit of the above title, it forces me here to break through the very rules of it, in order to point out those instances where I happen to afford any rare specimen of my *bienfiance*.

The close of my last chapter is a remarkable example of this kind.— — With what becoming decency did I drop the curtain, in that scene! According to the rule of Horace,

— — — — *Non tamen intus
Digna geri, promes in scenam.*

And yet I have read Meursius, Aufonius, and Martinus Scriblerus, I assure you—which I think I may confess the more freely, as you may perceive that I am not a bit the worse for such dangerous precedents.

A word by the by.— — — — Precedents are the band and disgrace of legislature.

—They are not wanted, to justify right measures,—are absolutely insufficient to excuse wrong ones— —They can only be useful to heralds, dancing-masters, and gentlemen-ushers— —because, in these departments, neither reason, virtue, nor the *salus populi*, or *suprema lex*, can have any operation.

Another instance of my reticence, is, that though I brought Terence upon the carpet, I did not quote that passage from him, where he has the impudence to say,

Non est flagitium, crede mihi, adolescentulum

Scortari, neque potare.

ADELPH.

Which, though, in reality, not spoken in the mere *dictionary sense* of the words, might have, however, been made a sinister use of, had I had any of that profligate turn of mind, that has, sometimes, been so unfairly imputed to me.

I love a joke; I don't deny it--and whether 'tis a *black* or a *white* one, I own that I do not always wait to examine. But what does this signify? Abler persons

than I often take things in the lump,—and, provided we are but pleased, methinks it is being rather more nice than wise, to consider through what medium. But then, I think it no joke, to debauch or corrupt another person's mind or principles.—Charge this upon me who can.

CHAP. XIV.

ON LIBERAL MODESTY.

DO you comprehend the distinction of this title? for I am no definitioner.

Aιδως εκ αγαθης, is an expression of Hesiod's. Horace calls it *pudor malus*, and the French say *mauvaise honte*. By all which terms is meant, that kind of bashfulness which is observed in young persons of the best parts and merit, on their first entrance into life, or mixing with the world; and which many people are never after able to shake off.

This sort of modesty is said to be highly commendable, and a token of hopeful presage in youth. For my part, I cannot see why—Is it not an advantage to be in

possession of all one's faculties?—can a bashful person be so? While a little assurance, like the *Tincture of Sage*, gives a man *the perfect possession of himself*.*

Can a man, who has a diffidence of his powers, either write, speak, love, or fight, as well as he who reposes a confidence in them? When we would cast a reflection on the character of a soldier, need we use severer terms than to say, *he is bashful*—he is apt to be *embarrassed* on the day of battle, etc.

But were we to investigate this same *imputed* merit, in the school of philosophy, we should probably find that it has its foundation, not so much in the *modesty* of others, as in the *vanity* of ourselves. We naturally accept this *awe before us*, as a deference to our own superiour consequence, and so are first *flattered*, before we *praise*.

As I am not much given to adulation myself, I never remember to have paid “a sneaking compliment of this sort to any one in my life.” I have ever sat, walk-

* See Dr. Hill's advertisement.

ed, or conversed, at perfect ease, among persons of the highest rank or genius—and should be as much ashamed of keeping a reserve over whatever little wit or parts I am possessed of, before people of superior talents, as I should be of flinking into “a flut’s corner” of the room, because there happened to be a taller or an handsomer man in company.

CHAP. XV.

THE CARDINAL VIRTUES.

WELL, reader—whether you be male or female—methinks I have proved myself *man enough* for you now: and what would you have more? You have no right to expect any extraordinary adventures, or critical situations, in the life of a sickly, home-bred, married, country parson.

I have, indeed, had some—say many—connexions, with certain anecdotes, or private memoirs, relative to others, that would most highly entertain you; and I think I was never in a better humour for telling a story in my life, than I happen

to be at this very instant. But my heart fails me. Laugh at me as much as you please, and welcome—but I shall never make you merry “at the expense of friends.”

With regard to myself, I have been ever a thinking—and who would think it?—rather than an active being. My mind indeed has been an Errant Knight, but my body only a simple Squire—and it has been so harassed, and chivalried with the wanderings and the wind-mills of its master, that it has long wished to quit the service—frequently crying out, with Sancho, “a blessing on his heart who first invented sleep.”

However, notwithstanding the natural indolence of this same body of me, I have contrived to fulfil, completely, all the characteristics of man—which some philosopher specifies to be these four—

To build an house—

To raise a tree—

To write a book—

And

To get a child.—

These four cardinal virtues, then, have

I already most religiously performed—so as to be able, according to the moral of the story of Protogenes and Apelles, told by Prior,

“In life’s visit to leave my name.”

These are, all of them, believe me, *verb. sacer.*—very pleasant operations: in-somuch that I am really surprised men do not perform every one of them oftener than they do.—They are all of them, moreover, works, the most expressly imitative of creation.—’Tis to bring order out of chaos, to elicit light from darkness, and to ornament and people the face of the earth.

Go to—go to—ye idle vagabonds of the world—

Build houses—

Rear trees—

Write books—

And

Get children—

Endeavour to leave some relative idea of yourselves behind ye—so that if posterity should not happen to be sorry for your

death, let them have some reason at least to be sorry that ye had not lived.

C H A P. XVI.

A L E T T E R.

MADAM,

I CAN easily perceive how much you were disappointed upon the close of my last chapter.—You had reason, I confess, to have expected something more arch from me upon the subject, than I have there treated you withal.

“Quid tibi vis, mulier?”

But I never pimp for others—and I happened not to be in humour for a joke “of any colour” myself in that section. I have laboured under a severe fit of cholic and asthma for some time past. This is a great reformer of manners.

Nay, so far have I carried my literal modesty in that chapter, that where I speak of the four characteristics of mankind, I comprehend them all under the philosophical term of Creation—without distin-

guishing the latter article, as I might very fairly have done, by the mechanical technic of Pro-creation. No—in that passage you see I have kept quite clear both of Pro and Con.

And again—where I come to mention this last manoeuvre, I only make use of the general word *get*—instead of introducing the obstetrical one of *beget*; which, may it please your ladyship, would have pointed, you know, more directly *ad rem*.

I am, Madam, etc.

T. J. U.

To the countess of * * * *.

CHAP. XVII.

THE LAPSUS LINGUAE.

BUT, in general, I am not quite so guarded—I mean with respect to my expressions only:—for words sometimes escape me, without corresponding ideas. I happen unfortunately to be infected with a certain peculiar phraseology, which, in the hurry of speech, I can rarely command—and this makes me often appear to mean what may be very far from my thoughts at the time.

I have sometimes scolded my servants, and rated my wife and children, with all imaginable seriousness—and when I have been shocked at their appearing to tremble too much under the terrors of my wrath, think what a mortification it must have been—“to a man in a passion”—to perceive that their sides were only shaking with laughter, at some odd image, or ridiculous expression I had struck out, *at a heat*, unawares.

The same cannon-ball that took off Marschal Turenne's head, carried away one of General St. Hilaire's arms.—His son standing by, burst into a passion of grief at his father's misfortune; who reproved him, saying, “Weep not, my child, for *me*—but for *him*.”

The generous concern, and nobleness of sentiment, with which that brave man must have been affected at that instant, were so powerful over my nerves, that it “made my heart move within me like the sound of a trumpet *.”

* So Sir Philip Sidney says of himself, whenever he heard the ballad of Percy and Douglas.

I happened to repeat this story once in company, and it had its effect—till concluding it with these words—“pointing to the nameless corse * with the only hand he had left”—they all fell a-laughing. I thought them brutes—but quickly recollecting myself, felt ashamed.

Explaining the mystery of the redemption once to a young templar, I happened to make an allusion, adapted to his own science, of the “levying a fine, and suffering a recovery:” this simile was repeated afterwards to my disadvantage; and I was deemed an infidel thenceforward.

And why? merely because I am a merry parson, I suppose—for St. Patrick, the Irish patron, because he was a grave one, was canonized for illustrating the Trinity by the comparison of a Shamrock **.

* Sine nomine corpus. *Virg.*

** The trefoil, or Trois-feuille.

CHAP. XVIII.

TO THE READER.

YOU complain—that is, I hope you do—of the shortness of my chapters—but, if you would have them longer, you must take up with them duller. There are but few subjects that can afford variety enough to entertain you through many pages.

Therefore, in steps the good old saying, with great propriety, here, that “two heads are better than one”—and my arguments, like those of Hydra, grow out of each other: as fast as I despatch one, another springs up in its place.

But never fear, my good readers, for I shall make this work as long as I can, though not so tedious as I might. I use no attorney arts to protract a suit; and wish that the Frederic-code was to obtain in literature as well as in law.

You shall certainly meet with subject-matter sufficient for your money, in these volumes—but you will find them all under the head, or chapter, *of short causes*.

Few words among friends are best, they

say—fewer still between enemies, I say—
And you must be one or t'other of these,
believe me—for I defy your indifference.

CHAP. XIX.

ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.

ABOUT a year before I was married, I
received the following most extraordinary
and interesting letter—

— — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — —

See chapter XV. paragraph 2.

— — — — —
— — — — —

But, as I was saying, what business,
now-a-days, since the Reformation has ex-
punged the good old practice of *confessing*
out of our Ritual, can a parson have with
another man's wife?—To say that she
called upon me in her difficulties, and that
I relieved her from want, and succoured

her in distress—and that these very considerations would have put it absolutely out of my power to have attempted her, had I been ever so much a libertine—availed me not. The reply was still—*that she was another man's wife.*

So that, it seems, all wives are to be treated like the queens of Spain—who, if they happen to tumble into a ditch, must be suffered to ly, kicking and sprawling there, for life, till their royal consort shall be at leisure, or so disposed, to go and take them out of it.

It is death for any subject to lay his profane finger on her *Majesty*. And as the *crown-lawyers* have not yet been able to determine in what *point* of her most *sacred person* her *divinity* resides, hands off from every part of her body, has been always deemed the safest measure.

One of these *miserables of state* happened once to be thrown from her palfrey on the pavement of the *Escorial*. Her royal foot stuck in the stirrup, and she was dragged round the area for a considerable time, her faithful equerry running all the while by her side, his head

turned averse, his arm stretched out, and holding his hat between his thumb, index, and middle finger——as dancing-masters teach you on a salute——over *her Majesty*——till king Don was summoned from council, to restore *this same Majesty* to decency again. She might have lost her life by her ministerial magna charta of *precedent*.

This adventure of mine was the first thing that ever involved me in debt. I was obliged to borrow two hundred pounds beyond my own currency upon this occasion. I had no sufficient security to proffer. But Captain Le Fevre happened luckily, just then, to have sold out of the army——*I mortgaged the story* to him, and he lent me the money.

He was not a man to accept of interest, so I made him a present. He loved reading much. A collection of ingenious and entertaining papers, styled *The World*, happened to be just then collected together, and published in four volumes. I sent them to him, with the following lines inscribed. They were the first rhimes I have ever attempted to tag in my life.

To Captain Lewis Le Fevre.

For one who rashly lent me cash, 'tis fit
That I should make a *venture* too in wit.
In vain I through my pericranium sought:
But having heard, that *wit is best that's*
bought,

I sent to Doddsley's for *these presents few,*
To let all men know I am bound to you.
Great Sawney wept that *one world* was no
store—

How happier you, who now may laugh at
four!

CHAP. XX.

EPIGRAM.

AFTER this cheerful manner have I hitherto passed through life, disappointments, and bad health—but not without suffering many severe strictures on my dissipation and informality. The lightness of my manners has been reprehended often, though it arises really from the weight of my philosophy. What is there in life that's worth a serious thought? And for the same

reason, from having conceived a better opinion of Providence than is generally reputed *orthodox*, I have been sometimes deemed an infidel.

Upon the present theological computation, ten souls must be lost for one that's saved. At which rate of reckoning, heaven can raise but its *cohorts**, while hell commands its *legions***. From which sad account it would appear, that though our Saviour had conquered *death* by the *resurrection*, he had not yet been able to overcome *sin* by the *redemption*.

This surely must be most *damnable* arithmetic. No—no—I think, that if we fairly give him all tyrants, usurers, murderers both of life and fame, your hypocrites, perjured lovers, and every *premier* upon record, except Sully, Walsingham, and Strafford, *who signed his own deathwarrant, to save his king and country*, we do as much for the devil as he, *in all con-*

* A body of only 500 men.

** A corps of 5000 men.

science, or your reverences for him, can in justice require *.

I happened to dine once with a friend of mine. Wine was wanting. He sent me to the cellar. It had been hewed out of a solid rock. At my return into the room, I wrote the following extempore card to my host, and threw it across the table:

When Moses struck the rock with rod
divine,

Cold water flow'd——your's yields us
gen'rous wine——

So at *the marriage feast*, the scripture tells
us,

That water turn'd to wine rejoic'd good
fellows.

* Hic quibus invisi fratres, dum vita manebat,

Pulsatusve parens, et fraus innexa clienti;

Aut qui divitiis soli incubuere repertis,

Nec partem posuere suis; quae maxima turba
est:

Quique ob adulterium caesi, quique arma secuti

Impia, nec veriti dominorum fallere dextras,
Inclusi paenam expectant.— —

Some years after this very harmless sport of fancy, these lines were quoted against me, by a certain bishop, as a proof that I neither believed one word of the Old Testament, nor of the New. This stopped my preferment. I only smiled, and *preferred* myself—to him.—

CHAP. XXI.

THE GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

SINCE I am in for it, I'll tell you another *excommunicable thing* I did. Whether before or after, I forget. Is it any matter which?

In the city of— — —, the church was repairing, and the corporation of that town had accommodated the parish with their *Tholsel*, or town-house, as a chapel of ease, for the time. There happened to have been an election for that city not long before. Upon which *mercantile* occasion, the worshipful mayor, aldermen, etc. had notoriously You know how elections are usually carried on, and what admirable securities they are become, of late, for our lives, liberties, and properties!

I was among the congregation one Sunday, when the gospel for the day happened to be taken out of the nineteenth chapter of St. Luke, where our Saviour is said to have driven *the buyers and sellers* out of the temple. An *impetus* of honest indignation seized me. I took out my pencil, and wrote the following hasty lines on one of the pannels of the pew I sat in:

Whoever reads nineteenth of Luke, be-
lieves

The *house of prayer* was once a *den of*
thieves—

Now, by permission of our pious mayor,
A den of thieves is made *an house of*
prayer.

I was observed. I happened to have been admitted a freeman in that corporation some time before this incident; and having been detected in the above sarcasm, the mayor had my name immediately struck out of the books, *ex officio* merely—without any manner of legal process or pretence.

But here I had no reason to complain. I had certainly, in this instance, been guilty of an *impiety* against the fraternity of this

corporation—and they resented it *like men*— —I am only surpris'd at the infallibility of your *divines*— —

Among whom there are many pious ejaculators, who think that I ought to have been excommunicated long ago. However, I am sure that I am well enough entitled to be received a priest, in the Persian temples at least—as all the initiated were obliged to pass through a noviciate of reproach and pain, to give proof of their being free from passion, resentment, and impatience.

I am in the same predicament with Cato the censor— —not in the severity of his discipline, I confess—but in the particular, at least, of his having been *four score* times accused. But he had the advantage of a fairer trial than ever I had— —for he was as often *acquitted*.

God forgive them! But I forgive them their prayers, in return, on account of an old proverb—Need I repeat it?

CHAP. XXII.

TOLERATION—OR PERSECUTION.

I WAS speaking of these things one day to Voltaire, and he wished me joy of the great happiness and advantages of living in a country, where such expressions and allusions, which ignorance or malice might be capable of construing into treason or blasphemy against church or state, could escape the Inquisition or Bastile.

He then put into my hand his treatise on *Toleration*, which had been but just published. It is written, like all his works, with great spirit, wit and learning, to prove, what no fool could ever yet dispute, that persecution, *for God's sake*, is a most wicked thing, and contrary to Reason, Nature, and Scripture.

It appears an extraordinary thing to me, that since there is such a diabolical spirit in the depravity of Human Nature, as persecution for difference of opinion in religious tenets, there never happened to be any *inquisition*, any *auto da fé*, any *crusade*, among the Pagans.

That during the ages of ignorance and barbarity, while the devil, as divines tell us, governed the Church, equivocated in their oracles, ordained impurities, and commanded human sacrifices, brethren were not set against brethren, nor nation against nation, in *civil fury* or in *pious war*.

But that, as soon as it had pleased God, by miraculous interposition, to take the church into his own hands, so shocking and impious an aera should thence commence—that the word of peace should call forth the sword, and the precepts of love and concord produce hatred and dissension.

The Christian— —say *un-christian*— —priest informs me, the reason of this remarkable difference was, that the heathens happened to have no one article of *belief* worth the quarrelling about—as they universally supposed the soul to perish with the body—*Post mortem nihil est*, was their creed. And that even those few, among the philosophers, who admitted of a post-existence, at the same time denied an hell. *Non est unus*, says Cicero, *tam excors, qui credat*.

Thus then, continues the good catholic,

while the whole of human existence was ignorantly supposed to have been comprehended within the pale of mortal life, peace, friendship, and good-will, were, most certainly, preferable to war, enmity, and persecution.

But when the immortal soul was once put under the care of Christ's Vicar here on earth — how totally unworthy to be styled Priests of the Lamb, and Oracles of the Dove, must those divines be, who would not cast the body of an heretic into the flames! *

I cannot help differing in opinion from the orthodoxy of this true catholic tenet; and am more inclined to agree with Cicero, in the passage above quoted, though he was but groping in the dark himself. — For to believe a soul, and damn it, methinks, is not light — but lightning.

* The popish text for *broiling* is taken from that passage in Scripture, where it is said, *hominem haereticum devita* — which last word they construe into *de vita tollere*.

CHAP. XXIII.

MY RELIGION.

WHAT are thy own notions about religion? you ask me.—I'll tell you.—I am now on my death-bed.

I have both conviction and faith enough in that article to become a methodist, and spiritual warmth sufficient to render me an enthusiast that way; but that, I thank God, I have never yet been wicked enough to rush into such extravagancies.

Passions must be combated by passion.—Therefore, your grievous sinners generally turn devotees.—This is the natural consequence of a sort of people, who, though a paradox, are common enough in life, “*qui credunt multum, et peccant fortiter.*”

For my own part, I trust that the gentle breezes of the established orthodoxy of our church may be strong enough to waft my soul to heaven.—I have not such a weight of sin suspended at the tail of my kite, as to require a storm to raise it. And, since the ceasing of the oracles, I think that a

person may be inspired with sufficient grace, without falling into convulsions.

I am as certain that there is a God above, as that I myself am here below.—My certainty is the same—for how otherwise did I come here?

“Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus?
how here?”

“Not of myself.”

He must love virtue, and detest vice: Consequently, he must both reward and punish. If we are not accountable creatures, we are surely the most unaccountable animals on the face of the earth.

After the spirit is fled, and this body perished in the grave, does the resurrection of men combat thy vain philosophy? Consult the caterpillar, thou ignorant, and the butterfly shall resolve thee. In its first state, sluggish, helpless, inert—crawling on the face of the earth, and grossly feeding on the herbage of the field. After its metamorphosis, its resurrection, a winged seraph, gorgeous to behold, light as air, active as the wind, sipping aurorean

dew, and extracting nectareous essences from aromatic flowers*.

Has not the improbable fable of the Hydra's heads been long since verified—nay even exceeded, beyond the bounds of the most extravagant fiction, as being absolutely contrary to the whole course of Nature before known—by the polypus, which generates by section?—The analogies of Nature sufficiently point out the ways of Providence.

Must every thing be impossible, which our insufficiency cannot account for?—Are there not innumerable mysteries in Nature, which accident reveals, or experimental philosophy demonstrates to us, every day? And shall we yet presume to limit the powers of the Great Author of that very Nature?

What was it that created matter? What was it that gave that matter motion? What was it that to matter and motion added sensation? What was it that superadded to these, consciousness, intelligence, and

* Psyche, in the Greek language, signifies both a butterfly, and the soul.

reflection?—What was it—Great God, what was it? Resolve me, ye infidels, what it was. Till then, be dumb. O saddest folly!

1. Lewenhoeck, by the help of his glasses, shews you certain fibres in the body of a full grown man, so very fine, that six hundred of them, combined together, but compose the thickness of a single hair of his head.

2. He also demonstrates to you, through the same medium, that a grain of sand is large enough to cover one hundred and twenty-five thousand of the orifices through which we daily transpire.

3. Water can be made to freeze in the middle of summer, provided that 'tis brought close to the fire.

4. A lens of ice may be used as a burning-glass.

5. A line of but an inch long, is capable of being divided into as many parts as one of a mile in length.

6. The sun is some millions of miles nearer to us in winter than in summer.

7. When a person travels round the

earth, his head goes many thousand miles farther than his heels.

8. There are two lines, in mathematic certainty, which may continue to approximate, *ad infinitum*, without even a possibility of ever coming into contact with each other*.

Prithee, now, my good infidels, is there any one article of faith, in the whole Christian creed, which appears to be more contrary to reason or probability, than these eight foregoing propositions? And yet they are all of them capable, either of experimental proof, or mathematical demonstration.

Can any person, who is capable of making such reflections as these, be ever supposed an infidel to either natural or revealed religion? They must have a faith of incredulity, who could give credit to such a supposition. "*Qui studet orat,*" is a just expression.

* The affymptotes of an hyperbola—See Conic Sections.

CHAP. XXIV.

THE CONVERT.

I HAPPENED to have an intimacy once with a man of sense and virtue; but who had, at the same time, a certain indolence of mind, that suffered him to acquiesce in the opinions of others, without ever taking the trouble to examine them. He had more wit than wisdom; and a jest was an argument to him, as well as it was with Shaftesbury*.

I loved and pitied him—to have virtue enough to act rightly, and yet not sense sufficient to judge so. We have had frequent conversations on this subject.—He said often, that he would give the world to be able to think as I did, and begged my assistance.

I soon made him a deist, without any other help than my own poor philosophy.—I then put Duncan Forbes's "Thoughts upon Religion," into his hands**. He read

* Who makes Ridicule the test of Truth.

** The argument he urges, is, That expla-

the book carefully through, and returned it to me, with this reflection, written at the foot of the last page, "Thou almost persuadedst me to be a Christian."

I then presented him with Paschal's Thoughts on the same subject*. He returned them to me soon after, with this indorsement on the cover, "I am not only almost, but altogether such as thou art—except in the absurd and unphilosophical notion of transubstantiation."

Make a person but a sound moralist first, and it must be then owing to indolence or

tion, by the means of blood and sacrifice, which runs through all the Jewish and Pagan rites, was so irrational an idea, that nothing but an original revelation of the method of redemption, which was thereafter to obtain in the Christian system of Providence, could possibly have ever induced the belief and practice of it.

*In his Provincial Letters, one of the strongest proofs he offers for the truth of Christianity, arises from the very obstinacy of a whole race of people,—styles the Jews a standing miracle, because they have ever since remained under the remarkable description of the prophetic curse.

ignorance, rather than to impiety or infidelity, if you cannot afterwards make him become a Christian. I have had the satisfaction, ever since, to see this worthy man add faith to good works, and live an orthodox and exemplary life, both in belief and practice.

Which, that we may all do, etc.

CHAP. XXV.

CHEERFULNESS.

IT is this true sense of religion that has rendered my whole life so cheerful as it has ever so remarkably been—to the great offence of your religionists. Though why, prithee, should priests be always grave? Is it so sad a thing to be a parson?

“Be ye as one of these,” said the Lord—that is, as merry as little children. “The Lord loveth a cheerful giver”—and why not a cheerful taker also? The thirty-nine articles are incomplete, without a fortieth precept, enjoining cheerfulness. Or, you may let the number stand as it does at present, provided you expunge the thirteenth article, and place this heavenly maxim in the room of it.

Might not the Archbishop of Cashel—I don't mean this man by any means—have been a sound divine, though he added the arch stanza about Broglia to the old Irish ballad*? Did the bishop—not the Earl—of Rochester's poems, on the man-like properties of a lady's fan, ever impeach his orthodoxy in the least?

Heliodorus, bishop of— —I forget where—was deprived of his see, because he wrote Theagenes and Chariclea. This was doubly absurd in the pope. Here, his Holiness's infallibility happened to overshoot the mark. In the first place, there was nothing either arch or heterodox in the whole novel. In the next, was not the circumstance of a white child being generated from black parents, by the impression of an European portrait hanging at the foot of a bridal couch, a corroboration—if it wanted one—of the scripture philosophy about the streaked goats?—I begin to suspect, that your popes are like other men, after all.

Plato and Seneca—and surely they were

* In praise of Moll Roe.

both grave and wise enough to have been consecrated—thought that a sense of cheerfulness and joy should ever be encouraged in children, from their infancy—not only on account of their healths, but as productive of true virtue; which is the literal translation of their very words—as far as I am able to construe Greek or Latin.

Cheerfulness, even to gaiety, is consonant with every species of virtue, and practice of religion.—I think it inconsistent only with impiety or vice.—“The ways of Heaven are pleasantness.” We adore, we praise, we thank the Almighty, in hymns, in songs, in anthems—and those set to music too. Let “O be joyful,” be the Christian’s psalm—and leave the sad Indian to incant the devil, with tears and screeches.

When the Athenians picture an owl, as the bird of wisdom, they never meant the screech-owl surely. But, indeed, I think, with their leave, that the sparrow would have been a fitter emblem of true wisdom, as being the merriest and most loving bird of the air.

There have been some popes who would

The Koran. Vol. I. G

have excommunicated me for such an al-
lusion as this.

CHAP. XXVI.

A SAD REFLECTION.

THAT there should ever be so much
irreligion in the world! that those—for this
renders the evil irremediable—whose
greatest interest it must certainly be to
strengthen and support this great, this only
bulwark of our lives and properties,
should become the greatest examples, and
principal encouragers, of infidelity!—

I mean those, whom the world, by a
strange abuse of terms, styles the Great.
These have certainly an higher stake, at
the hazard of vice, immorality, and im-
piety, than persons in the middle ranks
of life—who happily stand a phalanx be-
tween them and the vulgar.

And yet—other knaves but sacrifice their
spiritual to their temporal interest. These
most especial worthies, at once both knaves
and fools, equally squander both. Good
lack! good lack!—But men are worse than

they need be, though there were neither hell nor gibbet in the question.

Such thoughts and reflections as these might well become a sermon. But novels are more read at present than serious discourses. I must, therefore, use the most convenient vehicle for instruction—imitating Doctor Young, who wrote a play, for the propagation of the gospel *. And I shall ever take care, for the rest of my life, that all my writings shall be, if not sermonic, *sermoni propiora* at least.

But enough, for the present, of my sentiments and opinions; and let us go on a little farther with the series of small adventures in my desultory life.

CHAP. XXVII.

MELANCHOLY.

BUT, as my whole scheme of life is pleasure, I sometimes indulge myself in the

* The Brothers—the profits of which he consecrated to the society for propagating the gospel in foreign parts.

dear and heart-felt enjoyments of melancholy. I weep gladly, I give my tears, not grudgingly, nor of necessity, but, like my alms, with cheerfulness.

Were I to be anatomized anew, I do most solemnly declare, that I would sooner part with my risible than my flebilile muscles. Sympathy is the great magnet—the cement of life. And my concord is stronger with the wretched than the happy—for philanthropy is my *primum mobile*, and pity is an augment to passion.

I can treat myself, whenever I please. I have lost some friends! I can call spirits from the vasty deep—strike at my breast, and find them there—Poor Le Fevre! unhappy Maria! my lost, my ever dear Eliza!

Or, I can read Samson Agonistes. He must have either a weak head, or strong eyes, who can peruse the first speech of that poem without tears—particularly the latter part of it, where he laments his loss of sight. Milton wrote it from his own feelings—and his blindness has often dimmed my sight.

But whenever I have a mind for a tho-

rough feast of weeping, I need only turn over to the history of Sir Thomas More's life, and read that passage in it, where his daughter, Mrs. Roper, meets him in the street, returning to the Tower immediately after his condemnation— —My father! Oh! my father!

Sad luxury, to vulgar minds unknown!

The mere title of a book, long since lost, styled "*Lamentatio gloriosi Regis Edvardi de Karnarvan, quam edidit tempore suae incarcerationis*" —The lamentation of the glorious King Edward of Karnarvan, which he composed during his imprisonment— sunk my spirits for a whole day. The opposition between the two first words (in the Latin), and then again between the third and last, affected me greatly. And though it was a very old story, I could not help feeling, for some time, as if I had heard some bad news.

But such things as these have not their effect upon every one. The many read only with their eyes, and hear only with their ears. The few peruse with their whole soul, and listen with all their feelings. In.

tuition and sensibility are the only organs of genius or of virtue.

The general hardness of heart one meets with among mankind, might tempt us to give credit to the old fable of Deucalion, and suppose men to be generated from stones. Or, one might fancy the world to be grown so corrupt of late, that the sacred person who had taken the salvation of mankind upon himself, has thought fit to entrust only a few, now-a-days, with the keeping of their own souls; and has kindly taken out those of the many, and locked them up safe, *in limbo patrum*, out of harm's way, till the day of judgment.

However, I dare not long, nor often, rejoice in this luxury of wo. My nerves are weak. I can command my mirth, but not restrain my melancholy.

CHAP. XXVIII.

SENSIBILITY.

WHEN I have been reading tragedy, or affecting passages in history, poetry, or even in romance, aloud before others, my

eyes have filled, and my voice has faltered. I attended for the same effect in my auditors—but, instead of tears at my recital, have frequently found them laughing at my emotion.

I have retired ashamed—not at them, but at myself. I have suspected my own weakness, rather than theirs—and the vanity of imagining I had sympathized with angels, has been sunk into the humiliating idea of my being susceptible of a greater foible than mortals—I have begun to doubt the strength of my own intellects, and, for some time, kept a jealous guard over all my words and actions.

But the countenance and sentiment of a few superiour spirits have, for a while, given me confidence once more. Again I have attempted the same experiment, and have again been banished to the same mortifying reflections—endeavouring still to steel my heart against another's woe—in vain.

Fine feelings are laughed at by the world, and ridiculed by the stoical philosophy, as a weakness. This is too apt to put delicate minds out of countenance; who, in

order to appear wise, conceal their sensibility, and affect a character above human nature, from the example of those only who are below it.

C H A P. XXIX.

A REFLECTION ON MYSELF.

WHAT an hard fate is mine! with all the spirit, the frolic, the cheerfulness, the tender affections of youth, not to have nerves responsible to my feelings!—I want them not for my own enjoyments—but would have activity and vigour for the sole purposes of others.

I look wistfully often at young women. This is one of the things that has been misconstrued in me. The world are but bad grammarians of my principles or character. 'Tis not their beauty I covet, but their youth I envy. I look as fondly at men too—yet am no pathic. I kiss little children as I meet them in the streets—but am no kidnapper: I would live among

them, like old Hermippus *, if I could—not for the sake of life—but love.

'Twould sound like blasphemy, to say what I would do or suffer for the sake of mankind.

C H A P. XXX.

Continuation of Chapter XXVII.

THE MAD LOVER.

—OR I can recollect some scenes of madness I have—not purposely—been a witness of—particularly one, of a Cambridge scholar, who had unhappily fallen in love with his own sister. His passion and despair had proved too strong for his virtue or his reason.

“Was not Juno both wife and sister of Jove? Adam and Eve were surely nearer relations than we are. Their children, at least, were brothers and sisters—and yet

* He is said to have attained to an extreme age, by playing constantly with boys and girls—nourishing his old lungs with the balsamic effluvia of their young breaths.

were wedded to each other. Were not Amnon and Thamar married—or as good? Such marriages as it was thought proper to permit in those times. The mode, indeed, is changed now-a-days. And why? 'Twere impious to say, that Omnipotence was under a necessity of dispensing with necessary forms in the beginning. He could have created a parson, sooner than he would have permitted a crime. If Sarah was not Abraham's sister, he certainly told a most damnable lie to Abimelech."

When they told him, in order to quiet his impatience, that his sister was dead, he swore it was impossible, because that he himself continued still alive. "We are already one flesh," said he, "and the sympathy is so strong between us, that I know when she is hungry, wakes, sneezes, or— —. She had a diabetes about half a year ago, and it had like to have killed me; but I drank plentifully of marshmallows tea, and it effectually cured her. She sleeps ill a-nights, and it breaks my rest. She has foul dreams sometimes—I am angry with her for that. I have done all in my power," continued he, "by fasting

and prayer, to cure this wickedness in myself; but her wantonness is too strong for me."

Most of those who were present laughed much at all this extravagance. I wept. One of the company observing my emotion, said, I presume, Sir, that you know this poor gentleman. Yes, I replied, recollecting myself, better than he does himself.

I walked immediately out of the room. I am sensible of a sympathy in my own nature, even stronger than his. I feel for all the ills and ails of those who are neither my brothers nor my sisters, except in the scripture sense.

The Mahometans have a veneration for lunatics—saying, "That God hath favourably deprived them of their senses, in order to render them guiltless to sin." I am a Mussulman.

CHAP. XXXI.

DOCTOR SWIFT.

'TIS natural to speak of a thing, when one thinks of it. In truth, unless one is

apt to speak without any thought at all, how is it possible to do it at any other time?

But the subject of my last chapter has brought the biography of Doctor Swift into my mind. It is worthy to be remarked, that this extraordinary person, in his voyage to Laputa, speaking of people who had lost their senses, adds, "which is a scene that never fails to render me melancholy."

In another place, he imagines a set of men, whom he styles Strulbrugs, who had outlived their reason and every enjoyment of life.

And, in his will, he bequeaths his whole fortune to found an hospital for idiots and lunatics. He becomes himself a Strulbrug, before the years of dotage*, and dies the first tenant to his own endowment.

If these events had happened to have been a matter of any great consequence to the world, an historian would not have

* There is no such stage in life. *Senilis stultitia, quae deliratio appellari solet, senum levium est, non omnium.*

failed to have made a large comment upon such extraordinary and concurring circumstances—infling strongly on his prophetic sympathy.

The Lord preserve us all in our senses to the last—and after the last too. For I trust in God, that I never shall be wicked enough to compound for being rendered guiltless to sin, upon the Mahometan superstition.

CHAP. XXXII.

THE PAYMENT.

THE method I contrived, in order to liquidate my pecuniary obligations to Le Fevre, was this:

I happened to be acquainted with a young man, who had been bound apprentice to a stationer in York. He had just then finished his time, come to set up in London, and had rented a window in one of the flagged alleys in the city.

I hired one of the panes of glass from my friend, and stuck up the following advertisement on it with a wafer:

“Epigrams, anagrams, paragrams, chronograms, monograms, epitaphs, epithalamiums, prologues, epilogues, madrigals, interludes, advertisements, letters, petitions, memorials, on every occasion. Essays on all subjects. Pamphlets, for or against the ministry. With sermons, upon any text, or for any sect—to be written here on reasonable terms.”—

“By A—B—Philologer.”

“N. B. The greatest honour and secrecy may be depended on.”

The uncommonness of several of the above titles raised the curiosity of the public extremely. So that, besides the applications made to me for the useful species of literature, such as advertisements, petitions and memorials, many more were made for the chronograms, monograms, etc. merely to see the nature of them.

At night—or to express myself more poetically—when the evening had assumed its dusk-gown, I used privately to glide into my office, to digest the notes or heads of the day, and receive the earnest, which were directed always to be left with the memorandums.

The writing to be paid for on the delivery; according to the nature, extent, or importance of the subjects. A bit of French, to be an additional sixpence—a scrap of Latin, price a shilling—and a sentence of Greek, which I used to pick up now-and-then, when I happened to drink a dish of tea with Miss Carter, was always charged at half a crown.

All improper applications, immoral subjects, simoniacal proposals, or libertine overtures, were with scorn and detestation rejected. I held no office opposite to St. Peter. The notes of these kinds were thrown into the fire,—but the earnest retained, as the fines of iniquity.

The ocean of vice and folly, that opened itself to my view, during the period I continued in this odd department of life, shocked and disgusted me so much, that the very moment I had realized Le Fevre's sum, and discharged the rent of my pane, I closed the horrid scene—or, to express myself more properly in this case—stopped up the common sewer.

C H A P. XXIII.

N U R S I N G.

THE reason why our ancestors, in the higher ranks of life, were more remarkable for bravery and chastity than we are, was, because the mothers, in those days, used to nurse their own children. They were therefore alimented with the same juices and humours they brought into the world with them; and bred up, even from their infant notices, entire strangers to vice, meanness, or folly.

If our present race of mammas be indifferent about the blood and humours of the infant, which the suffering it to be nurtured by an alien argues her to be, what needs she trouble herself about the less precious parts of flesh and bones? Then any other person's child might serve her as well as her own—and she may have the advantage, besides, of choice, both with regard to beauty and gender. I think that ladies may as well get others to bear, as to nurse children for them.

Pray, would it not be but common

charity, in all tender husbands, to have such wives, on the first alarm, amazoned of both their breasts, in order to prevent the fatal consequences of cancers, milk fevers, and other disorders, incident, alas! to all unnatural or unnursing mothers?

And if our papas also be equally careless about this matter—as, by their present supineness and acquiescence, with regard to so material a point, they would incline us to suspect—prithce, might not

“Some beggar’s brat, on bulk begot,
Or offspring of a pedlar Scot—
Some boy bred up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell, or the Stews,
Or vagrant race, the spurious pledges
Of gypsies littering under hedges,” *

be as responsible heirs to their names and fortunes, as these sad outcasts of their own loins?

A foal of blood may be suckled into a garran. I have myself tried the instance; and do here recommend it to be added to the course of experimental philosophy,

* Swift’s Rhapsody.

which Bacon, Boyle, and Derham, have so properly hinted to the adepts in science.

For my own part, I have great reason to resent this scandalous neglect in parents — having so severely suffered for it myself — both in character and preferment. For, though I am a most rigid moralist in my principles, and, bating me but about one thousand seven hundred and I forget how many years, a primitive Christian also — completely armed at all the cardinal points — — yet I don't know how it is, but I actually do not feel myself always sufficiently possessed of that virtuous uncharitability against women of remiss chastity, that becomes true modern piety to express or exercise.

Now, this natural imbecility, this moral frailty, this same laxity of virtue in me, call it what you will — — I confess the weakness, and am not nice, about the phrase — — I do most philosophically impute wholly to the milkiness of my nurse — who happened, unluckily for me, to be servant-maid to the parson of the parish — and her name was Dorothy.

No, no — — the influence of certain

names upon the future fortunes of children, that my poor anxious father used to make such a pother about, believe me, is not by half so material a point as the other. Whether I had been asperfed by the name of Triftram, Triglyph, or Tria, were, in all probability, a matter wholly indifferent to my future advancement in life. No—it was, alas! the milk of Dorothy that limited the bounds of my preferment.

You fhall hear.

CHAP. XXXIV.

A HITCH IN PREFERMENT.

THE tenderness of my expressions, with regard to all fyncope of this sort—with the humanity, charity, and forgiveness, I have frequently procured to be shewn by others, towards some unfortunates in this class, have induced reflections on my own character, that have been a considerable disadvantage to my canonical progress in life.

A certain bishop, who would allow none but Christ to sit with publicans and sinners, replied to a friend of mine, who was so-

liciting a benifice for me—"I can never think of preferring Triftram—not so much on account of the freedom of his writings, as the latitude of his life." "But Yorick—Yorick, my Lord." "Nay, the utmost that I should think even Yorick entitled to, taking that article into the context with his works, would be, to be appointed chaplain to a regiment of dragoons."

And a certain lady, who is what the French style *un diseur de bons mots*, when I was asking her for some subscriptional aid once towards sending an unhappy young woman home to her friends, who had been inveigled from Bath, some years ago, on pretence of marriage, and then cast off upon the public, refused her charity, and called me, in allusion to my spectral figure, and absolving priesthood, the ghastly father of the chapels of ease in the parish of Covent-Garden.

Thus did the excess of my charity lessen that of others.

CHAP. XXXV.

PRUDES.

WHEN I hear women inveigh too vehemently against the objects of this misfortune, I am apt to suspect their hearts to be a good deal inflamed with a certain envious jealousy—According to the poet,

“Prudes rather envy, than abhor the
crime,”

—which, in revenge for those pleasures that they themselves remain perhaps untempted to, provokes them to denounce the penalties of the world, the flesh and the devil, against such interlopers.

“The self-sufficient prudes embattled
stood,
Near-hand; but none t’assist the vanquish’d
flies;
Their neighbours’ ranks they saw with joy
subdu’d,
With spiteful mirth triumphant in their
eyes—
With scoffs, and wise reproaches, they
upbraid

Those that, o'erpower'd, for help or pity
call.

And can they yield to——? in rage they
said:

Unaided, helpless, let the wretches fall.
Themselves were now attack'd, the rest
o'erthrown,
And weakness, scorn'd so late, too soon
became their own."

BATTLE OF THE SEXES.

In truth, I have seldom heard a woman
speak with violence upon this subject, who
was either of an established or an unsus-
picious character. Prior describes these kind
of virtuoes most admirably, in his *Paule
Purganti*:

"She to intrigues was e'en hard-hearted,
And chuckled when a bawd was carted.
But, in an honest way, the dame"—etc.

And Pope,

"A fool to pleasure, but a slave to fame."
And yet stronger still in another place,
"A very heathen in her carnal part,
But still a sad, good Christian, at her heart."

If what I have said, and these poets have sung, be not the natural reason of the fact, prithee, why such partial distinction between the undoer and the undone? Why, ladies, dutchesses, and countesses, is the latter——below a certain rank——branded with infamy; while the former,

“Whose harden'd front, unblushing,
unappall'd,
Laughs at reproaches, and enjoys disgrace,”

is so favourably accepted of in the assemblies of the fair?

If what I have hinted be not the real state of the case, why should these obdurate females, whom Will Honeycomb styles the outrageously virtuous, be more severe against——than against thieves? For surely, in ethics, it must be a less crime to give “what is one's own,” than to take “what belongs to another.”

A failure in chastity may be a breach of duty toward one's self; but a want of charity is certainly so against one's neighbour.

In fine, I fancy that your chaste ladies seem to consider love as their peculiar

merchandise, and look upon courtesans as smugglers, who undersell the fair trader.

CHAP. XXXVI.

THE BREECHES-MAKER.

BESIDES, really — — as I hope there are none but philosophers by—there are so many ways for a woman to be undone, without the imputation either of vice or wantonness — such accidents, incidents, contingencies, and synchronisms, may happen in her way through life, that unless every circumstance can be fairly stated, and candidly weighed—which must be the great use of the day of judgment—it is morally impossible for any man, *hors d'elle*, to determine, whether the fair delinquent may have been most deserving of infamy or compassion.

I have known several of these equivocal cases myself;—two of which I think proper to indulge the curiosity of my reader with in this place, by way of specifying my argument merely—

The first instance was a very pretty modest young woman, that was the only daughter to the clerk of the first parish I ever officiated in. She had been most carefully brought up, went constantly to church with her father, morning and evening; sat upon a little stool in the aisle, just under the desk; and having a most tuneable voice, used generally to help him to raise the psalm.

There had never appeared the least turn of lightness, forwardness, or flirtation, in any part of this good girl's behaviour, as she grew up. There are usually certain patterns pointed out in every country village; and Miss Amen was the paragon of our parish—till about the age of seventeen, she happened suddenly to disappear—because, it seems, she found herself, as we were soon after informed, to be “too big to be seen.”

The place of her concealment was kept a profound secret from us all, for some months, till after the fair eloper had become the sorrowful mother of a child; when I received a private billet from her, intreating me to grant her an interview

the next day, at a little cottage about five miles from the town I lived in; and begging that I would come alone.

My humanity, with a little mixture of femality, namely curiosity, induced me to obey the summons most punctually. I went. She threw herself on her knees before me, covered her face with her hand, and wept bitterly—but not alone.

After I had spoken comfort to her soul, by preaching to her the great efficacy of repentance, and calmed her mind, by promising to mediate a reconciliation between her and her unhappy parents, the second part of my errand operated so strongly on me, that I began to question her, in the style of a confessor, about the whole process, the commencement, progress, and arts which had led to, or were laid for, her undoing.

She answered me with a frankness and a candour that fully persuaded me of her truth and ingenuousness. She declared to me, that her failure had not proceeded in the least either from passion, or from vice;—that she had never in her life been sensible of any warm desire, prompting her from within, nor had even sustained

any strong solicitation, urging her from without.

No, reverend Sir, exclaimed the fair penitent, with an heavy sigh, it was nothing of all this, that I am to be cruelly reproached with upon this sad occasion.—

It was—It was, alas! my father's trade alone that thus hath wrought my overthrow.

Your father's trade!—his trade! I replied, with surprise, the cause of your ruin!—But so indeed the fact was, without peradventure.—

Besides the vocation of parish-clerk, old Amen had, it seems, followed the occupation of breeches-making also. He had bred up his daughter to the mysteries of the same manufacture, from the time that she had begun to enter into her teens;—and, as ill luck would have it, they happened to be leathern breeches too that he dealt in.

The unfortunate girl—now a woman—assured me, that this kind of employment used, by degrees, to occasion certain involuntary wanderings to stray in her mind, which, without ever tainting her chastity in the least, had insensibly, however, sul-

lied the purity of her thoughts;—that she had done every thing in her power to restrain her reflections from running into such reveries; and had sung psalms for whole evenings together, to divert her attention to fitter subjects of contemplation.—In vain, alas! for while she sung, breeches were still the burden of her song.

This unlucky image haunted poor Mademoiselle Culotte continually.—When she lay down to rest, she imagined she saw them taken off, and laid under the pillow;—and when she arose, she fancied still she saw them take up, and put on again before her eyes.

The familiarity of such ideas, though it had not in the least staggered her virtue—and I believe it—yet had pretty nearly produced the same effect, by discomfiting her modesty—so far, as to prevent a proper alarm, resentment, and resistance from taking place, and coming quick enough to her aid, when she was assailed by the young squire of the manor, for whom she had just finished a neat pair of leathern breeches, which he happened to call on her for, one evening about twilight, when

the rest of the family were attending a funeral in the parish.

The poor girl! happy had it been for her, if men had never worn any breeches at all, or that they had even worn them as the Chiriguanes are reported to do theirs—as fops wear their hats—under their arms. We are not yet informed how the women wear their petticoats in that country; but we may suppose, at least, that the *retort courteous* * is properly returned among those people, as well as in all the other nations of the earth. The world, 'tis thought, would soon be at an end, if it was not for such exchange of courtesies,

CHAP. XXXVII.

THE MAN-MIDWIFE.

WITH regard to my second instance, I shall be but short. She was daughter to a man-midwife;—and all that has been urged upon the former case, is equally referable to this one also.

* An expression in *As you like it*.

Her father used to be frequently called up a-nights, with "*a Juno Lucina, fer opem.*" This would disturb her repose. She used often to lie stretching and yawning in her bed, and communing with herself about the matters and things which could occasion all this bustle and stir.

She had a vast turn to philosophy. She would get at her father's books—she would sometimes read more than she understood—but happened often to understand more than she was the better for. It made her wiser, forsooth—but, alack! how dearly have we since paid for the first instance of female wisdom! 'Twas in this very science, they say, that the first curiosity was exercised.—“The knowing ones are sometimes taken in.”

Her father told me, one day, soon after her accident, she had declared to him, that, without labouring under the power or influence of any other inordinate passion or propensity in nature, her curiosity was so predominant in her, that she would, at any time of her life, have stood a shot to have been made a free-mason.

O philosophia! dux vitæ!—The deuce

it is!—But pray, Sir, is there not such a theorem, in this same philosophy, as that “action and re-action are equal—and in opposite directions too?” And is not the natural philosophy ever still at fifty-cuffs with the moral one?—In such conflicts as these, the fair Obstetrica fell!

But the philosophy, of all others, that finally tript up poor Miss Midwife’s heels, was the Platonic one! How beautiful a system is there displayed! To have two fond and faithful hearts mutually attracting each other, their systole and diastole the same, tide for tide, and by a sweet compulsion drawing nearer and nearer together, for life is like the assymptotes of an hyperbola, without ever coinciding, or rushing into the point of contact*.

How enviable and truly seraphic a state is this! How like to Heaven itself, where they are said “neither to marry, nor to be given in marriage!” What pity is it that it is not real! and that those who would rest upon this enchanted island, as on *terra firma*, would soon have their feet slip from under them!

* Vide the Conic Sections.

This same contingency—this synchronism—is the devil. Ye breeches-makers, and ye men- or women-midwives also, send out your daughters from underneath your roofs, I say. They are, alas! too dangerous seminaries for young women to be educated in.

But enough on such subjects as these—I cannot bear to dwell upon melancholy stories.—

C H A P. XXXVIII.

ORIGIN of *TRISTRAM SHANDY*.

UPON turning over this manuscript just now, I find that I had mentioned a design of writing my own memoirs once upon a time.

I did really sit down to this work formerly, with the most serious and stupid intention possible. But the *brutum fulmen*, or Will of the wisp of imagination, glared full before me, and led me a scamper, over hedge and ditch, through briers, through quagmires, and quick-sands, for nine entire volumes, before I attempted

to introduce myself into life. In truth, great part of that work was spent before I even pretended to have been born. I knew the world, alas! too well, to be in any manner of hurry to step into it.

The oddness and novelty of the first volumes, caught hold of the capricious taste of the public. I was applauded, abused, censured, and defended, through many a page.—However, as there were more readers than judges, the edition had sufficient vogue for a sale. This encouraged me—I went on still with the same kind of no meaning; singing, at the end of every chapter, this line from Midas, to my assembled audience,

“Round about the may-pole how they
trot:”

with a parody on the text; where, instead of brown ale, you are to read only small beer.

But what entertained me the most, was, to find a number of my most penetrating readers had conceived some deep-laid scheme or design to be couched under these vagrancies or vagaries, which they fancied

and affirmed would unfold itself toward the conclusion of the work.

Nay, some more riddle-witted than the rest, have pretended to be able to trace my clue, through every volume, without losing once sight of the connexion. A fine spirit of enthusiasm this! With what intelligence and profit must such persons read the apocalypse! A millennium must certainly be a very clear case with them.

However, I must have the modesty to admit, that there were, here and there, some striking passages interspersed throughout these volumes. "*In sterquilinio margaritam reperit.*" There are many foibles ridiculed, and much charity and benevolence instilled and recommended. One saunters out, sometimes, into the fields and highways, without any other purpose than to take the benefit of a little air and exercise;—an object of distress occurs, and draws forth our charity and compassion.

After this careless manner did I ramble through my pages, in mere idleness and sport—till some occurrence of humanity laid hold of me by the breast, and pulled me aside. Here lies my only fort. What

we strongest feel, we can best express. And upon such subjects as these, one must be capable of a double energy, who, while he is pleading for others, is also relieving himself.

C H A P. XXXIX.

THE FEMALE CONFUCIUS.

I happened to be very ill at the time, and sitting by the fire-side one morning in my lodgings, when I received a very polite card, in a female hand, unknown, acquainting me, that having been struck with that rich vein of philanthropy, she was pleased to say, which flowed like milk and honey through all my writings, Mrs. — — would be much obliged, and flattered, if I would afford her an opportu-

nity of a personal acquaintance with the author, by doing her the favour of drinking tea with her that evening.

I was too weak to venture abroad. I wrote her word so—assured her that I longed equally for the pleasure of an acquaintance with any person, whose heart and mind seemed to sympathize with those affections she was so kind to compliment me upon, and entreated the honour of a *sans ceremonie* visit from her, upon this occasion, that very evening.

She condescended to accept my invitation, and came accordingly. She visited me every day, while I continued confined;—which kindness I returned most punctually, as soon as I was able to go abroad.

She was a woman of sense and virtue — —not lively, but possessed of that charming sort of even cheerfulness, which naturally flows from goodness. “*Mens conscia recti.*” She was reserved, and, like a ghost, would rarely speak till spoken to. She had, like a lute, all the passive powers of music in her, but wanted the master’s hand to bring them forth.

She had quitted England very young—before her tender affections had been rendered callous by the collisions of the world. She had been carried into India, where she continued, till those sentiments had been ripened into principle, and were inspired with all the sublime enthusiasm of eastern morality.

She seemed to be unhappy. This added a tenderness to my esteem for her. I guessed, but inquired not her private history, and she communicated nothing. She would repine, but not resent. She had no gall to boil over—her overflowings were of the pancreatic juices only *.

From that time, we held on a constant and refined intercourse, while she remained in the kingdom, and a friendly correspondence succeeded our parting—to meet no more—in this world—I prophecy!—She happened to be another man's wife too.

But the charity that had attracted, with the virtue that united us, were not able to screen us from the censure of base minds.

* The Sweet-bread.

Neither her own fair character, nor the memento of my ghastly appearance, were sufficient bars to slander.

The improbability of a malicious story, serves but to help forward the currency of it—because it increases the scandal. So that, in such instances, the world, like Romish priests, are industrious to propagate a belief in things they have not the least faith themselves in; or, like the pious St. Austin, who said he believed some things, because they were absurd and impossible.

CHAP. XL.

Continuation of Chapter XXXVIII.

THE PRIMMER.

I CONTINUED this rodомontade through nine volumes, upon fools-cap paper*;—but had reason to find at last, that the

* That is the name which printers give to a certain sized paper, upon which all the author's works have been published in England.

nine days wonder had sown its gape-seed long before. The novelty grew stale, and the oddness began to lose its singularity. This, I say, I confess to have perceived a considerable time before. But one who has run down a hill for any way, cannot well stop his speed, till he has got to the bottom of it.

I then thought proper to cease titupping my hobby-horse about—to alight and perform my promise to the public, in a more ingenuous and systematical manner. Upon which occasion, I began to frame these notes—but could never since find time to glaze them. So many other themes and schemes shot across my fancy, and puzzled my purpose, that I could not stick to any one subject long enough to make a volume of it—or acquit myself as an author.

One of my most favourite designs was, to compose a little book, to be styled the *Primmer*——for the use and benefit of grown nobility, gentry and others——to instruct them what to say, and how to act, upon all the general occasions of life*.

* Here read the dedication over again.

I know of no work so shamefully wanted at present, as some code of this kind. There is, I confess, a certain connate liberality of nature in some persons I have met with, that inspires them to think, speak, and act, with a spirit and virtue which supercedes, in a great measure, the necessity of education. These instances, though, are rare—may be styled moral comets.

The *many* are born with a sort of original meanness in their minds, which resolves every action, every idea into *self*—and which the longest line in heraldry, with the possession of the largest fortune, are not sufficient to countervail, without the assistance of an academical tuition.

But the generality of the *curled darlings* of our nation, *tandem custode remoto*, shake off a load from their shoulders when they are emancipated from college: for such is their sense, or nonsense, of this matter.—They are then apt to class Tully's Offices, with Burger'sdicius, among the pedantry of the schools, and become soon possessed of just Christianity enough to set them above all Pagan moral—or the shin-

ing sins of the heathen world, as our orthodoxy affects to style them. They then begin to look upon their own feelings to be the sure way of judging, and the usages of the world their only rule of acting.

From hence many liberal notions are suffered to obtain, and many ignoble deeds are practised.—From hence arise, among the great, New-market jockies, Change-alley brokers, and corporation casuists. From hence the dignitaries of the law degenerate into attornies, and priests in lawn dwindle into tythe-proctors.

The scope then of my ritual, was to set forth the *verum, atque decens*, of morals, the truth and beauty of human actions—which it is incumbent, at least on persons of a certain rank in life, either to practise or pretend. They would then be taught to perceive, that neither their own feelings, nor the usages of the world, were of authority sufficient to support vice, meanness, or indecorum. This would be putting them to school again.—Those who want hearts, should be taught to get by heart.

Princes and nobles, so titled, however they might be tempted to wallow in their own sties, would not then, perhaps, dare to emblazon their strumpets to the public view. *Turf-ministers* also might then be informed, that they had mistaken the metaphor, when they let go the helm to take up the reins.

The Marchioness of Tavistock had not then lived the reproof and died the reproach, of so many matrons on the first benches at court. Thou hadst, most spotless Ephesian relict, devoted thyself to the grave with thy dead lord! They would sacrifice their living ones. "*Et faciles nymphae risere.*" And such is the accommodating spirit of our modern laws, that divorces, now-a-days, like the section of the polypus, are suffered to generate new numbers from each part of the separation.

I am not such a visionary as to expect that any thing of this kind would render persons virtuous, in spite of "the whole course of modern education." "*Et quae fuerunt vitia, mores sunt.*" But I think that it might possibly shame your "grown mobility, gentry, and others," into the

disguising, or concealing their vices at least;—which is, perhaps, no inconsiderable point gained in morals.

Est quadam prodire tenus—si non datur ultra.

The appearing or pretending to have more virtue than one has, is hypocrisy;—but the not exposing all the vices we are really guilty of, is certainly some merit—to the public at least.

So shall dissembling once be virtuous in you.

A rich lawyer might, perhaps, notwithstanding, be tempted to purchase an estate for half its value, because the person who sold it, did so in haste, to extricate himself from a goal.—But after he had perused my little book, he would never have boasted of the action—My ears would not then be so much shocked and offended as they are too frequently now every day.

A profligate might still delude a simple maiden, or purchase the innocency of beauty from a needy parent; but he would

not make a confidant of such amours. He would not cast the victim off to want, as well as infamy; nor dare to proclaim his villany to the world. My enmity, my abhorrence, my resentment, with all the tribe of the uncomfortable, the uncharitable, and unhealthy passions, would not then harass my poor shattered frame.

CHAP. XLI.

THE NATURAL EXHIBITION.

ANOTHER vision of mine, was, to open an exhibition for fine children, male and female, remarkable for their beauty, symmetry, or athletic frame. In order to which, I had prepared a new and copious edition of the *Callipaedia*—or, Art of Getting pretty Children; illustrated with notes of my own, and enlarged with several philosophic hints, which had occurred to my mind whilst this pleasant fancy was running in my head.

There have been many schools opened, for the exhibition of all the arts and sciences; but none, O shame! for Nature,

and her originals. He who copies the human face-divine, receives a premium, and applause—while he that presents you with the master-piece, or prototype, of the mimic work, has but his labour for his pains—or, at best, is referred, like virtue, to its own reward.

This might encourage the good old moral and political work of propagation. It would be reviving something similar to the useful Roman law, the *jus trium liberorum*—and be a restraint on promiscuous intercourses, which terminate in barrenness. Profligacy is a monster, and never generates.

I can conceive no other reason for such a scheme as this not having yet become an object of the royal foundation, except that his present Majesty might not have so justly thought that his own family would be best entitled to the greatest emoluments of it, both from excellence and number.

I have amused myself sometimes in one of my philosophic moods, with supposing an handsome, well-made young couple, setting out on such a project as this. I will not indulge the freedom of imagination on

this subject—though well assured I am, that the author of beauty, harmony, and order, cannot be displeased with a disquisition into it.

Can the origin of nature be jealous at our investigation of the very inmost recesses of its secrets? Philosophy would become impiety at such a thought.

Many other projects of these kinds, sufficient *loquacem delassare Fabium* to relate, and which would require the age of a patriarch to execute—besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking—have presented themselves to my active imagination, even in the midst of pain, sorrow, and sickness; but I never was able to carry them farther than minutes.

For my mind has ever represented the jargon of the schools, with regard to matter, which is defined to possess a *conatus ad motum*, with a *vis inertiae*, or perfect acquiescence *ad requiem*, at the same time. You may see what a fine thing this same learning is.

C H A P. XLII.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

I FIND myself labouring, this instant, under an irresistible impulse to mention one particular design of mine—because 'tis of a singular nature—which was, to write an historical and philosophical account and description of all the several great epochas of the world, from the creation to the conflagration—from the beginning of time, when God said, “Let there be light, and there was light;” till the end of it, when he shall say, “Let there be fire, and there shall be fire.”

As there is but one notable event to be expected, between the present aera and the final consummation of all things—namely, “the gathering in of all nations, so as that all may become one faith”—when Turks, Jews, Infidels, and Heretics—Papists, Presbyterians, Jansenists, Methodists, Moravians, Quietists, Arians, Hugonots, Socinians, Anabaptists, Muggletonians, Swadlers, and Quakers—are

there any more of them?—shall all become good protestants of the church of England, as by law established.

This might, I say, at first appear a difficulty upon me. But on considering the train that has been already laid, both in church and state, to bring that matter to pass, I fancy that the intelligent reader will be of opinion with me, that it requires but a competent knowledge in politics and theology, to be able to predict the time *when*, and the manner *how*, this great crisis must be brought to pass.

I gave my sentiments on this subject, some years ago, in a private letter to Frederic the Third, his present majesty of Prussia. Pray, now I think of it, do you know what became of that paper? It was put into the hands of the Prussian minister here, to be presented to his master, and we have heard no more of the matter since.

But to conclude—

As the first thing in intention is generally the last in execution, I have proceeded in this work accordingly, by writing backwards, or Hebrew-wise, and shall here present you with the last chapter first.

*THE FINAL CHAPTER OF
THE EPOCHAS.*

ARGUMENT.

THE LAST DAY.

The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.

MILT.

NOX, Erebus, and Chaos, now renewed their reign. All nature was convulsed.—The panther, lion, and the leopard, fled affrighted from their dens, and, tamed by terror, grew the friends of man. The world became an ark, and adverse beasts forgot their wonted strife, and sought alliance in each other's fierceness. The howling wolf now bleated like the lamb. The hawk, the vulture and the eagle, became pigeon-livered, and lacked gall. The birds of rapine forsook their prey, and trembled for themselves. The shark, the dolphin, and leviathan, merged from the boiling deep, and sought the fervid shore. The elements themselves were changed in na-

ture's wreck. The rivers were dried up, and liquid ore supplied their burning channels. The clouds were turned to fire, and shot their meteors through the astonished sky. The air was flame, and breathing was no more. The firmament was melted down, and rained its sulphur o'er the prostrate globe. The earth's foundations to the centre shook. Even charity was dumb—and virtue's self stood scarcely unappalled!

FINIS

MUNDI.

CHAP. XLIII.

MYSELF.

AND here, perhaps, since I have got into a train of describing myself, it may amuse you—or myself—which makes very little difference, in the mood I am in at present—to give you the character and peculiarities of *Tria juncta in uno*:—to which purpose I shall appropriate the whole of this chapter.

The first and principal characteristic of

my indoles—not indolence—for it is as active as passionate, is philanthropy. This is the *sine qua non* of my composition. This is my divinity, in which I live, and move, and have my being.

The *momentum* of my affections towards mankind, is in a reciprocal *ratio* between heaven and earth. I place myself as a medium—and love others with that warmth and indulgence I would have my Creator manifest towards myself—forgiving their errors, palliating their infirmities, and willing both their temporal and eternal felicity. Amen.

This turn of mind is the first thing that awakens with me, and the last I part with when I take leave of my senses. I have frequently supposed myself a sovereign prince, and spent many an entire day in settling my household, with all the other offices and departments of my kingdom.

Nay, I do actually aver, that I sat down gravely one morning to a sheet of paper, and entered the names of all my friends and acquaintance for employs; classing them according to their respective merits

and capacities; preferring still, as becomes a king to do, superiour talents and virtue, to my fondest connexions.

Pray, was not this a scene for Moorfields? And would not such a manuscript as this, found in my possession, appear to have been copied from charcoal on the walls of a cell? I do confess, that I did once seriously think myself mad, for a considerable portion of my life, on account of such reveries and extravagancies as these—till I happily found out, that my suspicion arose chiefly from my having kept company, during that sad interval, with a parcel of LUKE-warm fools.

At other times, I have absolutely refused being a king. I burned my list, and cried out, *Nolo coronari*. This station did not sufficiently satisfy my thirst of power and dominion. It extended only to the temporal welfare of mankind, and was restricted to that scanty portion of them which was comprehended within the narrow limits of my own empire—and could bear an insurance only during my own life.

I prefer Socrates to Solon, and would rather preside in the moral than the po-

litical government of mankind. This is the only true ambition, to assume to one's self that department in life which extends equally to all nations, to all ages, and reaches even to eternity itself.

I am, perhaps, one of the greatest philosophers you know in the world. Men of sense admire, and fools envy this supposed superiority of talent in me. They think it must have been achieved by dint of study, labour, and resolution, with the natural advantages of a gifted capacity, and great strength of mind.

I would not have them think so:—in the first place, because it is not true;—and in the next, such a notion as this might deter others from ever attempting to arrive at such an happy, but easy excellence of character. Let me undeceive them.

I was as other men are, till about the age of two-and-twenty. I resented pain, sickness, disappointment, and distress, as naturally as I did heat and cold, hunger and thirst. I had ever a turn for reflection. I lay tumbling and tossing one morning in bed, my mind labouring just then

under the pressure of some one or more of the above catalogue of ills, and contemplating the infinite superiority of the ancient philosophy, upon all such trials as these.

I envied, I admired this happy possession of one's own mind. I took heart of grace, on the instant, and flapping my fingers, cried out, "I will myself be a philosopher." I immediately arose—resolving not to fall asleep again and forget it. I put on the breeches of a philosopher—possibly, at that time, of an heathen one—and so commenced philosopher for life:—and I also am a painter.

This, be assured of it, gentlemen, was the only lesson or degree I ever took in truly noble science of defence—and found it to be all-sufficient.

The difficulties we apprehend, more than those we find, in an attempt of this kind, as well as in the strife with all our passions, is the only thing that prevents philosophy and virtue from being commonly attainable in general life.

What makes the difference between a chaste woman, and a frail one? The one

had struggled, and the other not. Between a brave man, and a coward? The one had struggled, and the other not. An honest man, and a knave? One had struggled, the other not.

I am generally cheerful——but more remarkably lively under pain, sickness, or misfortunes——provided the misfortune be all my own——than at any other time of my life. Visiting the sick ceases to be a scripture duty, when referred to me. Folks crowd to my couch, not to bemoan, but be merry at, my sufferings—to hear me confess wit on the rack, and refine my ore in the crucible.

A friend of mine, thinking me expiring once under the severe disorder of a bilious cholic——and I should certainly have popped at that very instant, if I had not, most luckily, been given over by the physicians and consequently no longer plied with medicine. My friend, I say, expressed himself extremely shocked at the indecent merriment, as he styled it, with which I was going out of the world. The reply I made him, was pretty nearly in these words:

“Your lazy or indolent Christian is too

apt to cherish in his mind a dangerous opinion of the efficacy of a death-bed repentance—I was never mad enough to trust to it. When Socrates was asked, just before his trial, why he did not prepare himself for his defence, he nobly answered, *I have been doing nothing else all my life.*”

“He who defers the great work of salvation till his last moments, hath loitered away his time, till the night cometh, in which no man can work.—A death-bed attrition*—and what is it more, when it comes to that? may be compared to Vanni’s last exclamation—who, though an atheist all his life, called upon God in the flames.”

“Shall an apoplexy deprive us of salvation? If not, then what but fear need render us so dismal on our exit? Life is itself a jest——Then surely death must be the very cream of it. The longest life is as short as an epigram, and our end is but the point of it.”

My sober friend walked away into a corner of the bed-chamber, and ejaculated.

* Repentance through fear of punishment, not sorrow for sin; which latter is called *contrition*.

CHAP. XLIV.

A SHORT CHAPTER.

WHAT a chapter was the last! There will be no end of it, if I once get into an habit of writing such long ones. But whenever self happens to become the subject, one seldom knows when to have done. This is the only theme upon which I was ever tempted to expatiate——which, in other words, is to be tedious.

For, in general, my writings do not smell much of the lamp. They seem most of them rather to have been written when I had natural light enough—even at the very full of the moon. Can the Critical Reviewers themselves say any thing worse of them?

CHAP. XLV.

A SHORTER.

BUT even these short chapters appear too prolix to me——I hope not to you——though they contain each of them

only one head a-piece. So that I am resolved here to put an end to them all, and write nothing but sentences, throughout the second volume.

I am not so vain as to think that my proverbs will be as good as Solomon's—or Sancho's either—but this I will venture to say, that they shall beat them all to nothing in number.

END OF PART I.

WHICH CONCLUDES VOL. FIRST.

POSTSCRIPT.

TO THE PRINTER.

PLEASE, Sir, to send your *devil*, with my compliments to Messieurs the Ministry, assuring them, that it was not, by any means, in derogation to the *golden age* of the present administration, but merely from the casualty of my subject matter, that the chapters of this book happen so exactly to complete the number *Forty-five*.

THE EDITOR.



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THE EDITOR.

Griffith, Richard

The Koran: Or, The Life, Character, And Sentiments, Of Tria Juncta In Uno,
M. N. A. Or Master Of No Arts

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